

The Groove

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when we looked at the pile we had, we judged that we had³¹³₃₇₂ enough for the night, but we burned only one at a time to save them.

For a while, sitting at the fire, everyone was quite gay. The⁵²¹ adults began to talk about food they had gathered and eaten and Toma's children asked me to tell them a story. "A true story," they said. Casting about in my mind for a story that would amuse them, I remembered a night when we were camped on our way to the Gikwe Bushmen in Bechuanaland and six lions had come into our camp. Someone in our party had shot at them and had wounded two of them, and then we had followed the wounded ones on foot through the darkness, a dangerous business, had finally found one and killed it, and had found the other one dead in the morning. I tried to say all this in Kung, but though I could understand quite a bit of it and could speak on some subjects, this time I found that my vocabulary was lacking; all I could say was "We killed two lions," a terse statement, and though the children were looking at me wide-eyed, I couldn't go on and had to get John to finish the story. "Ah," said the children when the story was told, not nearly as impressed as I had thought they would be, but then I myself had seen their father walk through a valley where several lions were roaring, at night, alone, armed only with a spear, depending on his wits for safety and on the fact that lions have a musky odor. He had been in our camp on one side of the valley when he had heard the lions roaring, and had slipped across among them in order to be with his wife and children, asleep on the other side.

Crooked Kwi, his wife, and his daughter had all turned³⁷⁴ away from the fire to warm their backs. They sat in a row, Kwi first, then the baby, then his wife. They were relaxed and they had let their heads tilt back to look at the sky. Crooked³⁷⁵ Kwi and his wife were very young, and, being one of the few

555 men between their adolescence and their thirties in the entire area and not an excellent hunter, Crooked Kwi was sometimes a figure of ridicule. He was nicknamed Crooked because of the way he walked, the Bushmen said, although I could never see why, and now, tonight, the men began to taunt him. For a while Crooked Kwi just looked idly over his shoulder at the men and smiled.

"Why did your wife run away from you?" Lazy Kwi asked finally. This went too far; his wife really had run away from him once with another man, and Crooked Kwi had been grieved and humiliated. His wife had been persuaded to return to him, but the incident had not helped Crooked Kwi's position as a figure of fun. Now, when he was reminded of it, he turned his head away. Bushmen can be quite cruel with their joking.

521 Perhaps to turn the conversation to other things Toma reminded me of a time I had driven him and some other Bushmen in a truck and had bounced them quite badly. He told me that the Bushmen had agreed that women should leave trucks alone. "Your husband would drive if you were married. Why aren't you married?" he said.

I said it was because I was too young (I was twenty-three), intending this as a joke because Bushmen, even old grandfathers, always say they are too young when they are at a loss for an answer. "Oh no," said Toma. "You are old enough now. Even the last time you were here you said you were going to be married. How is it that you are still alone?"

"Well," I said, "I will someday."

"Yes, that is what you told me last time and here you are again." I couldn't think of a thing to say, and Toma added: "Well, never mind. Your father will help you, just as I will help Norna here when she is a little older."

At these words Norna lifted her head from her mother's